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# Daily Mirror

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The most ingenious  
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1/- At All Bookstalls. 1/-

No. 358.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## FATHER CHRISTMAS AT DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.



Every Christmas the boys in Dr. Barnardo's Homes are regaled with roast beef and plum pudding. Our photograph shows Father Christmas and his staff bringing in the pudding.—(Copyright, *Daily Mirror*.)

## HOW M. SYVETON DIED.



It is the usual procedure of the French law to reconstruct all the details of cases engaging the attention of the authorities. Our photograph shows the official re-enactment of the Syveton tragedy, the prone figure marks the position in which the body of the dead deputy was found.

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 4.

## MRS. LANGTRY AS LADY BOUNTIFUL.



Mrs. Langtry dressing the Christmas tree in the village schoolhouse at Kentford, Newmarket, where she resides. The famous actress gave a present, specially selected by herself, to every child in her neighbourhood.

## CROUCH END THEATRE GUTTED.



A fire broke out at the Crouch End Opera House on Saturday night after the full-dress rehearsal of the Christmas pantomime, "Sinbad the Sailor." The stage was destroyed and the roof fell in, but, fortunately, no lives were lost. Our photograph shows all that remains of the stage.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)



## BIRTHS.

ALSOE.—On the 22nd inst., at Park House, Upton, Northampton, the wife of Frederick William Alsoe, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

HODGE-LEANE.—On November 23, at Simons Town, South Africa, by the rector, Rev. J. P. Lees, Harry Charles Hodge, Box River, Cape Colony, youngest son of Henry Hodge, Esq., R.N., J.P., of Durnford, St. Austell, Cornwall, to Emma Louisa Leane, youngest daughter of the late George Henry Leane, C.B., F.R.S., 21, Queen Anne's-gate, Westminster, and of Mrs. Leane, 28, Sisters-avenue, Clapham Common.

## DEATHS.

CAMPBELL.—On December 23, at the Albany, Piccadilly, Major-General Patrick J. Campbell, Colonel Commandant R.H.A., son of the late Admiral Sir Patrick Campbell, K.C.B., of the family of Melior, Argyllshire, aged 76. Scotch papers, please copy.

## PERSONAL.

SQUIRE.—Collie dog arrived safe and sound. Have christened him Yule-PECKHAM.

E. T. C.—Foggy or fair, shall be Charing Cross seven o'clock. Making great sacrifice to see you.—MAY.

\* \* \* The above advertisements are received up to 6 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after.—Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London.

## THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Musical Play, entitled THE CINGALESE. MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

IMPERIAL.—MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT. MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone 3193 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, Shakespeare's Comedy, THE TEMPEST. (last weeks.) MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING will be produced on TUESDAY, January 24th.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Sole Lessee and Manager.

TONIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 9, LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.

By Oscar Wilde. At 8.15, THE DOCTOR'S NEB, by Joshua Bates. MATINEES (both plays) WEDS. and SATS., at 2.15.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON PANTOMIMES. DAILY at 2.0, EVENING at 7.30, at all Theatres.

KENNINGTON THEATRE.—Tel. 1,000, Hop. ALADDIN.

NIGHTLY, at all Theatres, at 7.30. DAILY, at all Theatres, at 2.0.

CORONET THEATRE.—Tel. 1273, Kens. RED RIDING HOOD.

Popular Prices at all Theatres. Popular Prices at all Theatres.

CAMDEN THEATRE, N.W.—Tel. 328, K.C. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Star Companies at all Theatres. Star Companies at all Theatres.

FULHAM THEATRE, S.W.—Tel. 378, Kens. THE FORTY THIEVES.

Beautiful Scenery for each Production. Beautiful Scenery for each Production.

CROWN THEATRE, Peckham.—Tel. 412, Hop. CINDERELLA (written by Fred Bowyer).

Box-office open at all Theatres ten to ten. Popular Prices.

COLISEUM.—FOUR PERFORMANCES EVERY DAY. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES.

ST. MARK'S LANE. NOW OPEN. TWICE DAILY.

COLISEUM.—ELECTRICAL. At 12 o'clock and 2 o'clock. REVOLVING STAGE. TWICE NIGHTLY.

AUDITORIUM. CHORISTERS. DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR BEFORE EACH PERFORMANCE.

COLISEUM.—BOOKING OFFICES. EACH PERFORMANCE NOW OPEN.

LASTS TWO HOURS. From 10.30 to 10 p.m. Seats in all parts numbered and reserved.

Telegram: "Coliseum, London. Telephone No. 2941 Gerrard.

COLISEUM.—FOUR PERFORMANCES EVERY DAY. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES.

Boxes £2 2s. and £1 1s. Other seats 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d.

All tickets taken for previous performances will be exchanged for money returned on application at the Box Office.

LYCEUM, STRAND. Managing Director, THOS. BARRASFOED.

The DIRECTORS beg to ANNOUNCE that in consequence of the Theatre not being quite ready, and not wishing to receive the public until everything is in order and complete for their comfort, they have decided to

POSTPONE THE OPENING UNTIL SATURDAY, December 31.

All seats booked for previous dates will be exchanged for money returned on application at the Box Office.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. UNFURNISHED XMAS HOLIDAY PRO-GRAMME.

Mr. Humphrey E. Brammell's productions. At 2.0 and 8.0. A Galaxy of Wonderful Artists.

GRAND CIRCUS. The Cream of the Continental "Ring." PANTOMIME. At 4.0 and 7.30.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD. A gorgeous spectacle of Artistic Effects.

The entire reconstruction of the heating and lighting arrangements of the theatre are now complete.

SPECIAL TRAINS FROM ALL LONDON STATIONS.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGELER'S," OXFORD-CIRCUS, W.

Over 200 Acrobats and Performers of Animals. Daily at 11, 3, and 8. Prices, 1s. to 5s.; children half-price.

SPECIAL NOTICE—THREE COMPLETE PERFORMANCES ARE NOW GIVEN DAILY, at 11, 3, and 8.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

WORLD'S FAIR, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—OPEN THIS DAY at 10 a.m. then DAILY at 12 and 8 p.m., with a Gigantic Programme of Holiday Amusements. Grand free Circus, Menagerie, sensational Aerial Shows, and other great attractions.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE.

Fairy Cocoa  
is the  
Cheapest and as  
Good as the Best

If your Grocer does not stock Fairy (Bahia) Cocoa, send a Postal Order to Fairy, 143, York Road, London, N., for either a 6d., 1/-, or 2/- Tin.

## START THE DAY RIGHT!

A good start is half the race. If you suffer from

Breakfast-Table  
Peevishness

you commence all wrong. A world of meaning is contained in this phrase, and if the trouble arises from an impaired digestive system or "a bad night" you will find a world of relief in a box of

BEECHAM'S  
PILLS

What is the good of food if you cannot eat it?

BEECHAM'S PILLS will strengthen the digestive organs and create a healthy appetite.

What is the use of going to bed if you cannot sleep?

BEECHAM'S PILLS will gently calm irritation of the Nervous System and induce sound and refreshing sleep.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, price 1s. 1½d. (56 pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 pills).

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COUGH CURE

The fastest and most efficient Remedy procurable for  
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS,  
ASTHMA, CATARRH, WEAK LUNGS  
and CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

BRONCHITIS  
AND ASTHMA

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure Produces its most brilliant effect in Bronchitis. Rev. W. W. TULLOCH, D.D., Bonar Bridge, Sutherlandshire, writes:—"July 22nd, 1903. I have been a martyr to asthma all my life and lately to chronic winter bronchitis. I have found Veno's Lightning Cough Cure a valuable medicine."

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COUGHS

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN, 5, Agar St., London, Editor "Womanhood," and a great authority upon children's diseases, writes:—"Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is an exceedingly successful remedy. It is very pleasant to take and the relief it gives is very rapid. The preparation is perfectly safe for children."

W. LASCELLES-SCOTT, F.R.M.S., in his Certificate of Analysis, among other things says:—"I have pleasure in certifying that to my opinion VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE is an exceptionally pure, safe, and effective preparation."

Regular Sizes. 1/3 & 2/6. Large Trial Bottles 9d. Ask for VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE at Chemist and Drug Stores everywhere.

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## DR. ROBERT'S'

## POOR MAN'S FRIEND

is the safest and best  
HEALING OINTMENT

FOR WOUNDS & SKIN DISEASES

100 Years' Reputation. 1/3 & 2/6 at the shops, or postage free from BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd., Sole Makers, Bridport.

## THE BEST WINTER SWEET.

SKUSE'S  
HERBAL TABLETS

(Used in the Royal Household).  
IN TINS 1d. AND 3d. EACH.  
(The larger tin being slightly more recommended.)  
Boots' Drug Stores, International and Tea Stores, Chemists & Confectioners.

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' EVIDENCE.

SKUSE'S  
HERBAL COUGH MIXTURE

IS THE INDISPENSABLE CURE FOR  
COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA and  
PULMONARY TROUBLES.

The finest Medicine in the World for Children, being of a pleasant, soothing nature, gives the little patient the comfort of a night's rest and refreshing sleep.

IN BOTTLES 7½d., 1/1, & 2/6, FROM  
Boots' Drug Stores, International Tea Stores, & Chemists, EVERYWHERE.

## DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED  
WHITE  
& BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

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223 & 225, Whitechapel-road, E. (right facing Lion Hospital), and 150 & 152, Wandsworth-road, S.W. Rooms, Fairs, Homes, or Mansions Furnished Complete few hours after receipt of order. Any article 1/- deposit, balance 1/- weekly. Genuine easy terms.

Why or Monthly. 23 worth 1s. 6d. 25 " 1s. 6d. 27 " 1s. 6d. 29 " 1s. 6d. 31 " 1s. 6d. 33 " 1s. 6d. 35 " 1s. 6d. 37 " 1s. 6d. 39 " 1s. 6d. 41 " 1s. 6d. 43 " 1s. 6d. 45 " 1s. 6d. 47 " 1s. 6d. 49 " 1s. 6d. 51 " 1s. 6d. 53 " 1s. 6d. 55 " 1s. 6d. 57 " 1s. 6d. 59 " 1s. 6d. 61 " 1s. 6d. 63 " 1s. 6d. 65 " 1s. 6d. 67 " 1s. 6d. 69 " 1s. 6d. 71 " 1s. 6d. 73 " 1s. 6d. 75 " 1s. 6d. 77 " 1s. 6d. 79 " 1s. 6d. 81 " 1s. 6d. 83 " 1s. 6d. 85 " 1s. 6d. 87 " 1s. 6d. 89 " 1s. 6d. 91 " 1s. 6d. 93 " 1s. 6d. 95 " 1s. 6d. 97 " 1s. 6d. 99 " 1s. 6d. 101 " 1s. 6d. 103 " 1s. 6d. 105 " 1s. 6d. 107 " 1s. 6d. 109 " 1s. 6d. 111 " 1s. 6d. 113 " 1s. 6d. 115 " 1s. 6d. 117 " 1s. 6d. 119 " 1s. 6d. 121 " 1s. 6d. 123 " 1s. 6d. 125 " 1s. 6d. 127 " 1s. 6d. 129 " 1s. 6d. 131 " 1s. 6d. 133 " 1s. 6d. 135 " 1s. 6d. 137 " 1s. 6d. 139 " 1s. 6d. 141 " 1s. 6d. 143 " 1s. 6d. 145 " 1s. 6d. 147 " 1s. 6d. 149 " 1s. 6d. 151 " 1s. 6d. 153 " 1s. 6d. 155 " 1s. 6d. 157 " 1s. 6d. 159 " 1s. 6d. 161 " 1s. 6d. 163 " 1s. 6d. 165 " 1s. 6d. 167 " 1s. 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## TRAIN DISASTER.

English Passengers Escape in a French Railway Smash.

### HEAVY DEATH-TOLL.

Holiday-makers Meet Death in a Shattered Express.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday.—There was a note of sadness in the Christmas greetings to-day, for the terrible railway disaster which has occurred just on the eve of the festival is in everyone's mind.

Twelve bodies now lie at the morgue as the result of a collision between the express from Boulogne and another express from Lille. Among the victims are two handsome, young soldiers, Lieutenant Cuvinot, a son of Senator Cuvinot, and M. Louis Olivier Lyon, who is a grandson of M. Berthelot, the Academician.

There were many English people—nearly 250, it is believed—travelling by the Boulogne train, but, as far as can be ascertained, all escaped injury, the immunity of the boat express from damage being in striking contrast to the appalling destruction which overtook the Lille train.

The accident took place in dense fog just before midnight on Friday. The Lille express had been held up by the signals opposite the fortifications of La Chapelle, a few minutes' run from the Gare du Nord, when the Boulogne boat train crashed into it. In the fog the driver had been unable to see the signals until it was too late to avert disaster.

The effect of the collision was terrible, and heart-rending cries went up from the passengers in the Lille train. The last carriage had been smashed into pieces, and the terrific shock drove the luggage van coupled to it with tremendous force into a passenger coach.

In this carriage was a young science teacher, Henri Tillier, who was travelling home from Lille for Christmas. Two of his ribs were broken, and his face was badly cut. He has given a vivid story of his terrible experiences.

#### PASSENGER'S VIVID STORY.

They were just taking their luggage from the racks in anticipation of reaching the terminus within a few minutes when a fog signal exploded and their train drew up by the fortifications. Hardly a minute had passed when there came the sound of crashing glass. "Before I could realise what had happened I was thrown with frightful force against the opposite seat," said M. Tillier.

"At the same time," he continued, "the lights went out, leaving us in complete darkness. Appalling shrieks and cries for help arose all round me."

"I was not stunned, but I felt the sensation that all my members had been torn asunder. I tried to move, and when I found I could still use my legs and arms I could have jumped for joy."

"While groping along towards the door by the help of the pale glimmer of moonlight filtering through the fog, I trod upon another injured man caught among the debris of the carriage, and making desperate efforts to free himself. After what seemed like an eternity, he released himself, and we both got down on the line."

"I was the first to reach the fore part of the train, where the passengers had only been roughly shaken, and had no idea of the tragic results of the collision."

"As I passed along the corridor I noticed women draw back from me in horror. 'What has happened to you? Your head is streaming with blood,' said a fellow passenger. When I told him what had taken place they took me to a restaurant car, where the dishes were all in pieces."

"Shortly after they brought in a lady and a gentleman who were bleeding profusely, and a ticket collector with his leg badly bruised."

#### GRUESOME SEARCH IN THE FOG.

The horrors of the situation were increased by the denseness of the fog, which greatly hampered the search for the dead and injured. In addition to the twelve persons killed, more than twenty were so seriously injured that they were taken to hospitals, while between twenty and thirty more were suffering from wounds and shock, but were able to proceed to their homes.

In a statement by the Northern Railway Company, it is intimated that the responsibility for the accident rests with the driver of the boat train. The driver himself states that he was travelling at rather more than thirty miles an hour when the dead-stop signal became visible out of the fog. He put the brakes on hard, but to no avail, as his train was then only about twenty yards from the Lille express.

#### THE SAXON PRINCESS.

The Countess Montenegro (ex-Crown Princess of Saxony) has left Leipzig and is believed to be going to Brussels. There was no demonstration, the departure of the Countess having been kept secret. A lady presented a bouquet to her at the railway station.

Measures have been taken to prevent the possibility of a second attempt by the ex-Crown Princess to enter the kingdom.

H.M.S. Sentinel, first of the scout class of cruisers, made twenty-five knots per hour on the Clyde last Saturday.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Fair but foggy at first; unsettled later with sleet or cold rain; low temperature and easterly breezes.  
Lighting-up time, 4.54 p.m.  
Sea passages will be smooth generally.

## RESCUING 600 BABIES.

Thrown from Windows to Save Them from Fire.

### GALLANT NURSES.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Sunday.—Strange sights were witnessed here last night when 600 babies were rescued from a burning building in a raging snowstorm.

Shortly before midnight the alarm was raised that the Catholic Foundling Asylum was on fire, and within fifteen minutes the sisters of the institution and the police and firemen had rescued all the helpless infants, who ranged in age from a few hours to two years, without any serious injury.

The sisters have a well-drilled fire squad, and as soon as the flames were discovered on the third floor they seized the infants, many of whom were lowered by ropes.

The firemen raised numerous ladders and spread life nets to catch the infants, who were being dropped from the windows by the nurses.

The babies were also passed from hand to hand down the ladders, and ten women who were in the building were handed down after the children.

The street was filled with hundreds of waiting babies, borne in the arms of volunteer rescuers, many of whom had left their homes thinly clad in the raging snowstorm.

The crowd gathered to witness this novel scene loudly cheered the nurses and the rescuers. The babies were taken to homes in the neighbourhood and had a happy Christmas to-day, receiving numerous gifts from those who were entertaining them.

## HOLIDAY MISHAPS.

Many Accidents on Land and Sea Caused by the Fog.

In England the fog has caused the holiday season to be marked by many minor railway accidents and an unusual number of fatalities.

An express train from Manchester ran into several coal trucks between Ashley Hill and Stapleton-road Stations at Bristol, on the Great Western Railway.

The express was well filled with passengers, most of whom were asleep at the time. The force of the impact was such that some were thrown from the seats. Several passengers complained of bruises, but no one was seriously hurt.

On the railway a plate-layer, named Bennett, was knocked down and run over near West Kensington while acting as fog signal.

Six men are reported to have fallen in the docks and been drowned, near Millwall. One body has been recovered.

Drowning in canals has been frequent. One case is that of a watchman employed by the Regent's Canal Co., another of a canal-boat woman at Worsley, and yet another of a young man named Connor, at Monken.

#### STEAMERS ASHORE.

Several vessels ran ashore in the fog, including the Great Eastern mail steamer, Cambridge, and a large German vessel, near Ushant.

The steamer Groningen collided with a coaster, the Claudia, causing the latter to be run ashore in Barking Creek.

The inquest on the victims of the Aylesbury collision was opened on Saturday and adjourned. The driver, Barnshaw, died early in the morning, this making the fourth death in connection with the disaster. A pathetic interest attaches to the deaths of the driver and of Joseph Stanton, the fireman. A fortnight since they were taking a goods train to Sheffield, when the engine ran off the line. They were relieved from duty pending inquiries, and were proceeding to Manchester to give evidence before the directors, when they were killed in the accident.

## ON FOGBOUND STEAMERS.

Vigil of Sixty Hours Spent in Concerts and Games.

A curious sight was witnessed at Liverpool on Saturday, when the steamers, long delayed by fog, were at last liberated. Over twenty vessels, which had been at anchor, crowded the landing-stage.

Mrs. Alice Tweedie, the novelist, who was one of the imprisoned passengers on the Oceanic, stated yesterday to the *Daily Mirror* that she could see nine or ten vessels from the Oceanic, and could almost have thrown an orange on to any of them.

"We were comparatively cheerful on board," she said, "but as we had picked up our hooks and other little aids to killing ennui, we longed to get ashore. Last night, in desperation, we resorted to musical chairs as a pastime."

Mr. Wingfield Digby, M.P., of Sherborne Castle, Dorset, who had been ill for many weeks, died yesterday afternoon.

## TOGO FREE.

On the Way To Meet the Baltic Fleet.

### STOESSEL OFFERING TERMS?

Admiral Togo has announced the withdrawal of practically the whole of the Japanese fleet from Port Arthur.

Provision has, of course, been made to prevent blockade-running by the retention on the station of a sufficient squadron of smart cruisers to act as guardships.

But the destruction of the Port Arthur Fleet from 203 Metre Hill has left Togo's hands free to deal with the Baltic Fleet.

The danger to neutral shipping arising from the presence in the Indian Ocean of two fleets hostile to each other has been foreseen by the provident Japanese Admiral.

According to a Rome message, the Commander-in-Chief of the Italian squadron in the Far East has been requested by Admiral Togo to keep colours and lights well in evidence, as the most severe orders have been issued to the commanders of Japanese warships now on their way to meet the Baltic Fleet.

From Berlin a message has been received which revives hopes that the war may be brought to a speedy conclusion through the good offices of intermediaries.

A visit paid by Sir Charles Hardinge to Count Lessdorf, an Italian Colonel, and M. Bompard in Paris, appears to have given rise to these reports, the reliability of which is contradicted by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Parisien."

## TERMS OF SURRENDER.

Japanese Reported To Have Declined a Port Arthur Offer.

NAGASAKI, Saturday.—A report from Dalny states that the Russians have proposed to surrender Port Arthur if their garrison and ships are allowed to return to Russia, but that the Japanese have declined the proposal.—Reuter.

On inquiry at the Japanese Legation a representative of the Exchange Telegraph Co. was officially informed that no news had been received there regarding the reported offer of the Russians to surrender the fortress.

## FORT ON FIRE.

Japanese Occupy Another Important Position Near 203 Metre Hill.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, Saturday, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—The Port Arthur besieging army reports as follows:—

"A detachment of our right occupied a hill to the east of Ko-ryang-shukon. Thereupon the enemy made a fierce attack, but was repulsed, and our occupation is now nearly assured."

"This hill is situated one mile and a half to the south of 203 Metre Hill. The bombardment by our heavy guns caused great conflagration at the north fort of Hsiyang-shao."

TOKIO, Sunday.—The army besieging Port Arthur occupied Taliuchiatun on Saturday, and officially announces the fall of the whole of the Russian advanced positions in front of the Japanese right.—Reuter.

## RIOTERS SHOOT A COLONEL.

Sanguinary Night Affray Between Polish Revolutionaries and the Military.

In spite of the strong measures taken by the authorities, riots continue to break out in Russia.

At Raumo, in Russian Poland, in the early hours of yesterday morning, after midnight mass at the Roman Catholic church, a crowd of working men marched through the town carrying red flags and chanting revolutionary strains.

Military patrols which were sent out to disperse the demonstrators, says a Reuter telegram, were received with shots, and in the affray the commander of the 26th Infantry Regiment was killed. One of the demonstrators also received fatal injuries.

The mobilisation of the troops and reserve is being steadily carried out in Russian Poland. Troops are patrolling the streets of most of the towns, and the public-houses are closed at dusk.

## RUSSIAN "MIRACLE WORKER" ILL.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.—Father John, of Kronstadt, is seriously ill.—Reuter.

This famous priest of the Russian Orthodox Church is held in great veneration because of the purity of his life, and his reputation as a worker of miracles.

An Imperial Rescript has just been made public, in which the Mikado thanks the officers and men engaged in the recent torpedo attacks on the remnant of the Russian fleet.

## QUIET CHRISTMAS.

How the King Spent Yuletide at Sandringham.

### LARGESSE TO TENANTS.

King Fog yesterday raised his grey hood in salutation of Christmas, and London's millions, recollecting the tenebrous conditions of the previous week, were devoutly thankful for this measure of good fortune. Over all the residential suburbs, the sky, for hours together, was clear, though the air lacked the legendary crispness associated with Yule.

The fact of Christmas falling on Sunday destroyed the jovial character of the festival. Most people either celebrated Yule in the old-fashioned way on Christmas Eve, or postponed their conviviality till to-day. Out of doors it was an ordinary Sunday, but quieter than usual.

#### THE ROYAL CHRISTMAS.

At Sandringham the King and Royal Family spent Christmas Day as uneventfully as most private people did. The charming country house was beautifully and appropriately decorated. There was church-going in the morning, with a quiet afternoon to follow. Then Christmas dinner at a quarter to nine, with all the good old-fashioned English dishes. Even the boar's head sent by the Kaiser, with gleaming tusks polished to superlative brightness, had a rival in the monster plum-pudding crowned with holly and wreathed with leaping tongues of blue flame.

It is his Majesty's care that everyone on the estate shall be of good cheer at Christmas-time, and as far as gracious thought and liberality can ensure happiness his tenants were happy.

Magnificent joints of home-bred beef and other seasonable presents were made to all on the estate, and to-day the tenantry are to be entertained at a dinner, with a ball to follow.

This is a Christmas which every true Briton rightly chooses as his model, and all did their best to imitate.

#### FOG-MADE BARGAINS.

Many had left their Christmas shopping to the last minute, owing to the dense fog of the preceding days. They gained little in convenience, for the muck was as thick as ever on Saturday when they sallied out with bags and baskets to take their last chance.

From an economical point of view, however, the procrastinator scored. The markets were glutted with the good things the fog had delayed, and tradesmen had one end in view—to sell quickly and cheaply.

Remarkable were the bargains made, and jovial were the hazy figures that loomed through the fog with parcels suspended from every convenient projection. The jolly shoppers made light of the crowding in cars and omnibuses, of unexpected contact with prickly bushes of holly, and of the superfluity of fog which had to be swallowed.

The intelligent foreigner who compared London on Sunday to a city of the dead would have rejoiced in his comparison yesterday. The very omnibuses had ceased running, and the great city was unnaturally silent.

In the evening a thin trickle of church-goers walked the echoes of the silent streets, braving the fog which once more settled upon the City as the day closed.

Christmas was celebrated at Queen's College, Oxford, yesterday. The performance of the ancient ceremony of bringing in the boar's head in procession. The head weighed 80lb. and was prepared by Mr. Horn, the College manciple, this being the forty-second year he has served up a similar dish.

#### SKATING.

Thousands of enthusiastic skaters found excellent sport on Christmas Day in the Fens, especially the privileged few who were admitted to the grand sheet of ice at Lingay Fen. It has been decided to commence the professional races tomorrow instead of Boxing Day, to enable competitors to arrive.

## WOUNDED BARRISTER DIES.

Mr. Graham Stewart, a barrister, of Clapham Common, who was admitted to the Brompton Hospital suffering from knife wounds on Wednesday last, died last evening.

It is alleged that the wounds were inflicted by Mrs. Stewart during an altercation after a Christmas party which they had given at their home. She has already been remanded on a charge of wounding.

## SIX-THOUSAND-MILE RUSH.

NEW YORK, Sunday.—A telegram from San Bernardino (California) says that Mr. F. J. Mackie, having received a cablegram that his wife had met with an accident at Kidby Hall, England, left last night for the East.

Mr. Mackie has telegraphed to have all railways cleared for his special trains, and to hold the fastest steamer available in order to reach England in the shortest possible time.—Lafan.

The Rhodes Memorial Committee's offer of a drill hall has been refused by the town council of Bishop's Stortford, Rhodes's birthplace.



## MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

More Sensational Disclosures in the Syveton Case.

## IS THE WIFE GUILTY?

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday Night.—The mystery of M. Syveton's death grows darker with every day.

The theory of the suicide of the unfortunate deputy has been definitely abandoned, and M. Syveton's brother-in-law charges Mme. Syveton with his murder.

The lady, interrogated before the magistrate, protested indignantly against the suggestion that she had given her husband a narcotic before he inhaled the gas-stove fumes from which he died.

According to the "Gil Blas," the magistrate was by no means convinced, and is now persuaded that a crime of passion was committed with the aid of accomplices.

Mme. Syveton has made one sensational disclosure during her interrogation. She declares that her husband had misappropriated funds amounting to £3,920, belonging to the Ligue de la Patrie Française, of which he was treasurer.

M. Jules Lemerle, formerly president of the society, confirmed this statement, and affirmed that Mme. Syveton had repaid the money from private funds she possessed.

## WHO IS MME. SYVETON?

The affair is so remarkable, that we propose to detail from day to day the whole history of the case.

## PART I.

Mme. Syveton is now forty years old, a handsome woman of imposing presence, very different from the usual French type of elegance.

This is explained by the fact that she is a Fleming. She is the daughter of M. Reusens, a well-to-do merchant, who lives at Spa.

She was first married to a country-man of her own, M. Victor de Bruyn, who was a successful insurance broker of Antwerp. This gentleman died in 1890.

His young widow is described by those who knew her then as a beautiful, high-spirited girl, ambitious and with great tastes for literature and its environment.

Some of the most desirable young men, from the matrimonial view, in Antwerp society, declared themselves as suitors for her hand. They were not deterred by the rumour, which perhaps then did not have existence, that the lovely widow had belonged, before M. de Bruyn's death, to a mysterious association or club of married women whose relations unaccountably died—the "Matin" now asserts by poison.

But it was not in Belgium that Mme. de Bruyn was destined to meet her second husband. In 1895 she came to Paris on a visit.

She stayed at a "pension de famille." Everybody here was delighted with their charming fellow-guest, and among those most struck with her was M. Gabriel Syveton, then just beginning his brilliant political career. He was introduced to her by M. Camille Pelletan.

## "A Glorious Couple."

M. Syveton was almost as fine as specimen of manhood as Mme. de Bruyn was of womanhood. "What a wonderful pair!" "A glorious couple!" said the enthusiastic "pensionnaires" as they watched the courtship of the young people.

When Mme. de Bruyn returned to Antwerp she was the affianced sweetheart of M. Syveton.

She told all about M. Syveton to her little girl Marguerite, her child by her first marriage. Marguerite was then a pretty child, with long golden curls and features that madame's artist friends went into ecstasies over. It was said that Marguerite would grow up into a woman even more beautiful than her mother.

Marguerite it was who afterwards became Mme. Menard. Marguerite it was who, as Paris believes, afterwards became indirectly the cause of the dreadful things that befell M. Syveton and his wife.

## Marguerite's Enthralment.

To Marguerite Mme. de Bruyn talked of "your new papa." Marguerite soon became as enthusiastic over the "new papa" in Paris as was her mother.

But there was one member of Mme de Bruyn's family who was not so enthusiastic. This was M. Reusens, Mme. de Bruyn's father, who refused his consent to the marriage.

It was not until Mme. de Bruyn went to Paris and fetched her lover back to Antwerp that this opposition was broken down. The Antwerp circle to which Mme. de Bruyn belonged were greatly impressed with M. Syveton. They said, as the people in Paris had done, "What a fine couple! How tall and manly he is! How beautiful she is!"

So M. Reusens gave his consent for the wedding to take place, and the two lovers were united in 1896. Public success came to M. Syveton. He became a great figure on the Nationalist side. He founded the "Ligue de la Patrie Française," and he was chosen deputy for the second division of Paris.

But there were whispers among his friends that his domestic affairs were not prospering according to the promise of the opening romance. In the meantime, little Marguerite had grown, as her admirers had forecasted, into a very beautiful woman.

(To be continued.)

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

## MRS. LANGTRY'S CHRISTMAS ROLE.

Mrs. Langtry has played many parts before the footlights and before, but there is none in which she appears to greater advantage than the rôle she may be seen in on pages 1 and 6. At her home at Kenford Mrs. Langtry takes particular care that her poorer neighbours shall not lack something at least to make Christmas a properly merry season. Every needy woman receives from her a blanket, and each little girl is the recipient of a warm red cloak, while the donor herself dresses a Christmas tree which bears a suitable present for every one of the village children down to the tiniest mite.

## THE SYVETON INQUIRY.

In France the examining magistrate and his subordinates are very thorough in their methods of investigating crime. Nothing is left to chance. The photograph on page 1 shows how a scene in the Syveton tragedy was reconstructed in order that the exact position in which the body was found should be fully understood. A man was carefully pored with his head to the stove from which the dead man is said to have inhaled the gas that caused his death. The smallest details of clothing and immediate surroundings were repeated with absolute fidelity. As there seems to be a strong suspicion that the comparatively innocent explanations of the tragedy cover a singularly dramatic crime, the photo we have been allowed to present to our readers is peculiarly notable.

## CHRISTMAS IN WEST HAM.

The appalling statistics of destitution which have given to West Ham a grim pre-eminence among the poverty-stricken districts of the metropolis seemed to gain a new significance from their appearance at Christmas-time. But owing to Mr. James Buchanan's munificence West Ham spent a happy Christmas after all. His £21,000 cheque provided 20,000 dinners for those who otherwise would have had to go hungry on the one day in the year when even the poorest try to make some semblance of a feast. The photograph on page 6 shows a group of unemployed waiting for the tickets entitling them to a share in Mr. Buchanan's generous gift.

## A BED!

The photograph on page 6 shows the interior of one of the Salvation Army night shelters. Even the luxury of such beds as these is unattainable in numberless cases.

## A GIRL REVIVALIST.

A curious feature of the great revival in Wales has been the important part played by girls at the enthusiastic meetings. They not only act as singers, but frequently conduct meetings and address crowded audiences. But their chief work is to seek out privately the worst characters of the place in which they are working; and the conversions effected are nothing short of astonishing. Miss Annie M. Rees, whose portrait is given on page 7, is one of the most successful of these girl revivalists.

The driver and owner of the car in which the Prince of Wales appeared in the photograph on Friday last was the Hon. C. S. Rolls.

## HOME WITHOUT TEA.

Painful Story of Disputes Between a Dentist and His Wife.

Extremely painful revelations of domestic unhappiness were made during the hearing, at Stratford, on Saturday, of a summons against George Edward Heapy, a Leytonstone dentist, for using threats to his wife.

Mrs. Heapy stated that when she said she would take police court proceedings her husband replied: "You dare not. I will make you cry in court. I will show how you all three have tried to murder me. Before I have done with you I will murder you."

In the witness-box, the defendant said that he suffered from Bright's disease, and alleged that his wife, knowing the disease was detrimental to his health, had said, after an ebullition of temper: "Ah, yes. Another nail in your coffin."

In explanation of his refusal to allow tea for the household, he asserted that his wife used to drink pots and pots of it, with additions of gin, until she got mad.

The Bench bound him over to keep the peace for six months.

## MURDER ON A BARQUE.

The American barque Warden from Mania has arrived at Gravesend with a seaman in irons upon a charge of murder while at sea. He stabbed the mate, who died five days later, and was buried at sea. Owing to the fog, it was impossible to gain access to the ship.

Eating cheap mixed sweets was alleged to have caused the death of a child named Pope at Maidstone.

## THEATRE ABLAZE.

Flames on the Stage Cancel a Pantomime.

Christmas Eve saw the Crouch End Opera House, a handsome theatre in the north of London, greatly damaged by a fire which broke out shortly before ten o'clock at night.

The final full-dress rehearsal of the pantomime "Simbad," which was to have been produced this afternoon, had just ended, and most of the company had already left when the alarm was raised. Some of the chorus girls, who had just left the stage, momentarily thought that the cry of "Fire" had come from a practical joker, but the next instant flames were seen shooting from the wings.

The fire spread with lightning rapidity, and in the course of ten minutes had consumed the whole of the scenery, while it was a little later that the roof of the stage collapsed. Within five minutes of receiving the alarm the Hornsey brigade had arrived, but the fire was then burning with such fury that had not they succeeded in lowering the fire-proof curtain the whole building must have been destroyed.

It is improbable that the Opera House, which was erected in 1897 at a cost of £8,000, can be opened to the public again in less than two months' time.

Damage amounting to £20,000 was caused by a fire on Saturday night at the Cement Works, Hebburn, owned by Walter Scott and Co., Ltd.

## UNITED AT LAST.

Father Dies on His Daughter's Grave with a Christmas Wreath in His Hand.

For some years past Mr. Richard Pearce, an elderly gentleman, lately residing at Barnsbury, has been in the habit of paying periodical visits to the grave of his daughter, in the cemetery at Finchley. He never missed carrying a wreath there on Christmas Eve, and accordingly on Saturday afternoon he set out on his usual loving mission.

Passing along to the grave, he was suddenly heard by an attendant named Stubbs to exclaim, "Help!" and then the old man fell headlong across the mound.

With this sad cry Mr. Pearce almost immediately expired. By his side lay a beautiful Christmas wreath, the last token of the links which had bound the devoted father and his departed daughter together.

## SHAM CURATE'S REHEARSALS.

How the Bogus Berkshire Clergyman Conducted Religious Services as a Child.

From his infancy religious ceremonies appear to have had a peculiar fascination for James Shearer, the youth who deceived the vicar and parishioners of Swallowfield by posing as an ordained priest.

His father told the Reading magistrates on Saturday that the boy, at the age of ten, would often arrange his bedroom to represent as closely as possible the interior of a church. When festivities were taking place in which the other members of the family were sharing James would read the Bible in his bedroom.

Shearer was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for obtaining £1 by false pretences, the Rev. Mansell Bacon, the vicar of Swallowfield. The latter said that it was not till the youth had acted as curate for a month that he had cause to doubt his bona fides.

Since leaving school Shearer, who is eighteen years old, has worked for a railway company, has been associated with the Church Army at Poplar and an Anglican brotherhood known as "The Divine Companion," and has worked at a biscuit factory in Reading, where his father, a labouring man, lives.

## WITHIN SIGHT OF SAFETY.

Four Fishers Weighed Down with Heavy Clothing and Drowned.

Amble, a little Northumberland port a few miles away from Newbiggin, where seven men were swallowed up by the sea a fortnight ago, was the scene of another disaster on Saturday.

Five fishermen, named Thomas Nicholson, Richard Stewart, David Stewart, William Charlton, and Michael Flannigan, were returning from fishing, when a wave struck and overturned the boat, almost within reach of the harbour piers. Weighed down with heavy boots and sea-clothing, four sank at once, but David Stewart, a lad of eighteen, managed to reach a chain hanging from the north pier, and pull himself into safety.

## GOING TO THE NEW PALESTINE.

Major A. St. Hill Gibbons left England on Saturday for East Africa to examine the 5,000 square miles of land offered by the British Government for a Zionist settlement.

Major Gibbons, who will be joined at Nile by Professor Kaiser and Dr. Wilbush, says Jewish agriculturists who are never tempted to go on the land in this country, are hard-working and intelligent.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the author, is lying dangerously ill with pneumonia.

Mr. Walter Shoolbred, of James Shoolbred and Company, left £607,000.

Owing to a lack of competent jurors, trial by jury is to be abolished in Swaziland.

For the second time in two years thieves have stripped the roof of Bethnal Green Mortuary of its lead.

A reprieve has been refused to Arthur Jeffries, the Sheffield murderer, who is to be executed on Wednesday.

## LUXURY ON 7s. WEEKLY.

For 3s. 6d. a week working girls can obtain a share of a comfortable bedroom for two, with separate beds and the use of a bathroom, at Lord Radstock's new hotel for respectable young women in Clapham-road.

For another 3s. or 3s. 6d. a week excellent meals can be obtained from the restaurant attached.

## FATAL DISLIKE OF DRAUGHTS.

Mrs. Hunt, of Southport, and her husband left a gas-stove alight and blocked up the chimney with brown paper.

Next morning the husband was dead, and the wife died subsequently.

The practice of stopping ventilation was condemned by the coroner at the inquest.

## CELLAR MURDERER RESPITED.

In view of his state of mind, William Hoffman, the Leytonstone murderer, has been granted a respite, with the idea of his being placed in Broadmoor Asylum.

Hoffman murdered his house-keeper, Helen Walden, by cutting her throat, the body being found in the cellar.

## PHILANTHROPIC SHAVES.

Free shaves and hair-cuts were offered to 100 clerks out of work by a Euston-road barber.

"Nobody will engage a clerk if he does not look clean and smart," said Figgis, "and the best way of helping them is to give them an opportunity of presenting a clean appearance."

The hundred poor clerks were, unfortunately, easily forthcoming.

## FLAMINGO ON THE MIDWAY.

While on the marshes close to Gillingham, on the Medway, a sportsman shot a bird which he took to be a snake sort of goose.

On picking it up, however, the red marking of its wings showed him its mistake, and the bird, which proved to be a young male flamingo, has been handed to a Chatham naturalist for preservation.

## MARRIAGE IN HASTE.

New Year's week being a favourable time in Edinburgh for irregular weddings, the marriage brokers are busily preparing for the rush.

Competition is keen among brokers to get clients, and they carry out the irregular ceremony with astonishing speed. Twelve to fifteen weddings a day is the average of a popular broker during the holiday season.

## LORD C. BERESFORD'S SUCCESSOR.

Rear-Admiral William Henry May has been appointed to succeed the Right Hon. Lord Charles Beresford in the command of the Atlantic Fleet, with the acting rank of Vice-Admiral.

Rear-Admiral Prince Louis Alexander of Battenberg, having been appointed to command the second cruiser squadron, will hoist his flag at Portsmouth on February 1, 1905, in H.M.S. Drake.

## WHITE AND BLACK.

By name White, but black in colour, a negro music-hall artiste, was charged at Westminster for failing to maintain his wife.

"You are my lawful wedded husband—that I swear to—you false villain of the deepest dye," exclaimed the girl when the prisoner denied the relationship.

White was released after a payment of £5 on account.

## MASTER FOLLOWS SERVANT.

All his life a keen sportsman, Mr. E. J. P. Casson, an old Oxford cricketer and one of the founders of the Somerset County Club, has shot himself at Bath.

At the inquest on Saturday it was stated that Mr. Casson was depressed at being unable to do at seventy what he could when younger.

Since May, when his "mate" as he called a faithful old servant, died, Mr. Casson had constantly been in a morbid condition.

## HERO OF LONG AGO.

Among the wreaths at Captain Castle's funeral, which took place at Sidcup on Saturday, was one inscribed:—

From the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the 54th Regiment, as a tribute to the memory of one whose gallant conduct on the occasion of the burning of the Sarah Sands, November 11, 1857, added lustre to the traditions of the regiment, and will never be forgotten.

The Sarah Sands was conveying troops to India in 1857 and caught fire at sea. Captain Castle managed to take her into Mauritius without loss of life.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business  
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## Daily Mirror

MONDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1904.

## THE CARE-WORN

## MERRY-MAKER.

HOW is it the old-fashioned idea of Christmas as a season of jollity and fun, extending over several days at least, and for many people over several weeks, has so completely died away? It is only the schoolboy nowadays who gets a real Christmas holiday. For the rest of the world two days at the outside are all the winter festival brings to them of extra leisure.

Even in those two days we cannot give ourselves up to whole-hearted mirth and enjoyment as our grandfathers did. We are nothing like so readily amused as they were. We are much more easily bored. Even when things do appeal to our sense of humour, it is only for a minute or two. When, if there is nothing else to keep up our amusement at once, we yawn and fall to deploring the "good old times," when people laughed heartily for hours on end.

Isn't the reason to be found, not only in the increased pace of the race for riches, but in our constant preoccupation with matters that did not trouble our grandfathers' heads? Here, for example, on the very eve of Christmas this year we find the "Spectator" addressing the average man in the most gloomy vein about the state of the Army, and drawing a depressing picture of what would happen to us if we were forced into war before we have brought our artillery up to date.

Unfortunately, and to the eternal shame of our politicians, it is only too true that our military forces are still in a lamentable state of incapacity for the work they might at any moment be called upon to do. But what is the use of the average man bothering his head about the Army, and spoiling his digestion because we are governed by incompetents?

When it is not the War Office, it is the shortcomings of some other department that make us knit our brows and feel as if we had the weight of all the world upon our shoulders. We think too much, we talk too much, we worry too much about things which we do not understand and which we are powerless to alter. The old idea was that all reforms come from the top—that is to say, at the moment when time is ripe for them a man appears to carry them out. One almost inclines to believe that is the true view. At any rate, our grandfathers acted upon this comfortable theory and managed to enjoy life.

We moderns lose much of the enjoyment they found by reason of our anxiety about the conduct of public affairs. But is there any sign so far that public affairs are conducted any better than they were in our grandfathers' days? If not, it seems to follow that we are vexing ourselves in vain. We might just as well get back our capacity for being amused, by the pantomime, and leave public affairs, as our grandfathers did, to look after themselves.

## THE CHARITY OF THE POOR.

We have read nothing more touching this Christmas-time than the account of the subscription raised among the street-sellers of toys on Ludgate-hill for the Crippled Children's Fund.

Every day last week these poor people stood from morning to night along the edge of one of London's busiest thoroughfares offering all kinds of amusing and ingenious little penny articles. They were of all ages—some quite small boys and girls whose piping voices mingled shrilly with the deeper tones of their elder competitors. Gaunt and ill-nourished they looked, most of them, and their day's wage cannot have come to much.

Yet they put their pennies together and sent Sir William Treloar, the kind friend of the poor little cripples, enough to pack two or three hamper of good things. And then they went further, and each contributed a toy out of his or her scanty stock-in-trade for the small disabled people to play with. Truly, it is the poor who are the poor's best friends; and theirs is the real charity for it always costs them some self-sacrifice.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it.—Emerson.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Duke of Norfolk's second marriage has changed his once lonely and rather sad life into one full of occupation and happiness. Now it seems that its success may soon be crowned by the birth of a child to him. The Duke was devoted to his first wife, Lady Flora Hastings, but they had many disappointments to endure together. For some time it was thought that no heir would be born to them. Then, amidst great rejoicings, the long-expected heir arrived.

But the Duke had now the greatest sorrow of his life to bear. The son was a hopeless invalid. The Duke, as everybody knows, is a devout Catholic, and he took the unfortunate youth, when he grew older, to all the shrines and on all the pilgrimages

in Europe. Innumerable prayers were made for him—all to no purpose. He got no better, and died a year or two ago. The first Duchess died after ten years of married life, and you may see in the Brompton Oratory the beautiful chapel which her husband built as a memorial of her.

The Duke is one of the biggest landowners in England. He owns 50,000 acres in the country, and a good deal of priceless land off the Strand in London, where Norfolk and Arundel streets are named after him. He is a keen player, and is pretty sure to be seen at the pantomime this year—he always takes a box near the stage, and enjoys the performance as much as any of the children there. Like the late Mr. Clement Scott, he detests Ibsen and "problem" plays of any kind whatever.

## THE NEGLECTED HARLEQUINADE.



CARE-WORN BRITON: Oh! Go away, you don't amuse me any more.  
 CLOWN: Whose fault's that, gunner—ours or yours?

[The old-time antics of clown and pantomime have gradually been dropping out of the pantomime. Now they are out-of-date altogether.]

## A XMAS SILHOUETTE.

## The Imaginative Man.

EVERYONE was talking about his Christmas stories and his Christmas articles and his Christmas poem. He had caught up and carried on the Dickens tradition, they said. He softened even hard hearts, and brought the tears into eyes that had been dry for many a year. He made Christmas seem once more a beautiful festival of love and children's mirth and kindness and goodwill.

At many a happy Christmas party his writing was talked of and praised. In the poor districts, thousands were fed by the promoters of a fund called after him. At one fashionable church a copy of one of his articles was given away as a little pamphlet at the doors, and the preacher spoke of it as the most touching Christmas lay sermon he had ever read.

If anyone thought of the writer as a man, it was to picture him surrounded by merry children in a home warm with love and happiness. A man who could write about Christmas so beautifully must have learnt the secret by experience.

Yet if they had looked into a small, dingy restaurant on Christmas night, they would have seen there the man who had so moved them. He ate his dinner by himself. There was only one other person in the place. Even the waiters glowered at him as if they resented his being there on such a day.

Afterwards you might have seen him walk drearily back to his dark, empty rooms, where the fire had sunk to a few embers and the only sign of Christmas was one solitary card, sent to the office of a paper he wrote for by someone he did not know.

There you could have watched him smoke a solitary pipe, not unhappy, not envious, but just a lonely man who could only write about the joys of Christmas. He had neither the wish nor the opportunity to taste them himself.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## Mr. Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane.

HE is a young man to be as big a man as he is, for, though he is not forty yet, he is the man of the moment several times a year. To-night, when the great Drury Lane pantomime, "The White Cat," is produced, his name will be in everyone's mouth.

First, why is he so successful? Because he has plenty of brains, is thoroughly go-ahead—he founded the Covent Garden fancy dress balls—and is devoted, heart and soul, to his work. He works hard, too—"like a nigger," to use his own expression.

And he has several special qualifications for his position as "Druriolanius." He is an artist, and so makes his productions artistic; he is musical; and he does not care how much trouble he takes, or makes other people take, to realise the point he is seeking. He never gets excited, and has never lost his head.

In appearance he is tall and dark, with an ascetic, but kindly, face and a very modest manner. He hates being lionised, and abhors public functions, but delights in small friendly parties—a good thing, considering he has nine brothers, two sisters, and an infinity of other relations—especially if there be a game of poker included in the programme. He yachts, he loves a motor, and even likes a steam launch. He has a pleasant tongue, which he inherits from his Irish mother, and also the Irish love of a joke.

Few members of the theatrical profession are better known, and it is only when he is wearing his motor outfit of fun and mask that he is safely "incog."

Russian Shopkeeper: Those drunken reservists plundered my shop last night before the train left. Russian Philosopher: Never mind. The Japanese will revenge your woes.—"Dorfbartier" (German).

Faithful pantomime goers will be sure to give Harry Randall an enthusiastic welcome at Drury Lane to-night. Mr. Randall is said to have a louder voice than any other comic singer at present on the stage. His friends make fun of this by telling how a man once turned to a friend as they were crossing Trafalgar-square together and said, "There's Harry Randall singing his first song at the Tivoli—let's see if we can be there in time for the second!"

The honours of the pantomime will be shared, no doubt, between Mr. Randall and Mr. James Welch. Mr. Welch had an amusing experience the other day in connection with this engagement of his at Drury Lane. He was being shaved in a country town by a barber who knew his name. "I don't suppose you are the James Welch who has been chosen by Arthur Collins to play the company at Drury Lane," said the barber. Mr. Welch thought it better to remain obscure, so he said, "No, that's my brother." The barber added, after reflecting a moment, "I might have known it wasn't you. I saw you act at the Town Hall last night."

Mr. Welch has a pretty wit "off" as well as "on" the stage. Once, when he was touring with "The New Clown," there was a wait at Chesterfield. To pass the time the company walked towards the town from the station. The way led through a lane in a graveyard. Seeing the dreary tombstones on both sides of her, Miss Audrey Ford said, "If we were to play here, there would have to be a resurrection to get an audience." "Yes," said Welch promptly, "and even then they'd all be deadheads!" ("de-heads") of course being the theatrical term for a man who does not pay for his seat.)

Amongst those who have just fled from fogged England to warmer climates is Sir Thomas Dewar, who left on Saturday for the Southern States. He is a famous traveller, as well as a sportsman and a politician. His taste for travel came to him in 1892, and the indirect cause of it was the London County Council. Sir Thomas had won an election on the L.C.C., and was asked to speak at a certain City gathering. This speech worried him so much, he rehearsed and muttered the usual "Gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am," so often, that he finally fell ill. His doctor ordered him abroad.

Since then going abroad has been his favourite recreation. He has traversed the world from Hong Kong to San Francisco, mixing friends with savages and exotic people of every kind. He is very popular at home, too, as a capital, all-round sportsman. Perhaps he likes coaching best, but racing runs that hard in his tastes. Perthshire was his most famous horse, and he actually refused £10,000 for that racing wonder. At Capel Lodge, in Kent, too, Sir Thomas gives delightful shows parties amidst the sea breezes of the neighbourhood.

When Mr. Sousa pays his next visit to England, early in the new year, he will find a large crowd of devoted admirers waiting to receive him. Mr. Sousa conquered our public, in fact, the very first time he played, and now he is quite an old friend here. He was much sought after socially, too, during his last visit. A story is told of a lady, with considerable powers of self-advertisement, who wrote and asked him to a party she was giving. She had previously invited large numbers of people, and on all her invitations she had written, "to meet Mr. John Philip Sousa."

That was ingenious of her, and her party looked as though it would be crowded. Unfortunately, Mr. Sousa heard of her device and flatly refused to accept her invitation. The lady wrote a pathetic, imploring note, which said: "I am terribly grieved that you cannot come, but still hope for the pleasure of your company." And to this the malicious Mr. Sousa replied: "I have given your kind message to my company, but I regret to say that only fifty of them will be able to accept; the rest have appointments elsewhere."

Mr. Sousa is rather fond of practical joking. He has a little daughter, who is as fond of music as he. One day the child was heard playing, or seeming to play, the overture to "Tannhäuser" very brilliantly. A musical professor was staying with Mr. Sousa, and he was astounded. "How old is your little girl?" he said. "Only nine." "Marvellous, wonderful!" said the professor. "She is a genius." He left with that conviction in his head, but Mr. Sousa omitted to tell him that the instrument was only a "pianola" after all.

## IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 26.—At last we are on the right side of the shortest day. Gradually the days will lengthen out, though much of winter remains still before us.

The gardener, with the farmer, hopes it will be a real winter, with plenty of frost to kill the grubs and sweeten the soil. Mild weather now is the last thing to be desired, while a premature spring, which encourages plant-growth before nipping winds are over, has often fatal results. We must not grudge nature her short time of repose. Look at the life of an apple-tree. In spring it is covered with blossom, in summer we dream beneath its verdant shade, in autumn the ripe fruit falls at our feet. The apple-tree has well earned its winter-sleep. E. F. T.



## MRS. LANGTRY'S CHRISTMAS DAY AT NEWMARKET.



In the little village of Kentford, near Newmarket, Mrs. Langtry is known as Lady Bountiful. At Christmas every needy woman receives a blanket, while each girl is presented with a warm red cloak. Our first photograph shows the famous actress distributing her presents, and in the second is seen Mrs. Langtry with a cartload of toys for the Christmas tree.



## THE AYLESBURY TRAIN SMASH.



The breakdown gang clearing the line after the accident to the "Daily Mail" train.

## THE SAD SIDE OF CHRISTMAS.



London's human derelicts asleep in a Salvation Army shelter on Christmas Eve.

## Snap

## FATHER CHRISTMAS



Yesterday was the children's happy day, and Father Christmas seen telephoning for more toys for the

## HAPPY BABY PATIENTS AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.



No more pleasant task befalls the nurses in our various hospitals throughout the year than that of ministering to the enjoyment of their poor little suffering patients at Yuletide. Our photograph, taken in one of the wards of the London Hospital, shows a group of happy baby patients and their Christmas tree.—(Copyright: Daily Mirror.)

## 20,000 HAPPY HEADS



The hearts of the starving poor of West Ham have been gladdened by Mr. James Buchanan, the famous whisky distiller, who contributed to the Christmas dinner on behalf of the poor of the district. Our photograph shows a



# ed for News



## SPENDS A BUSY DAY.



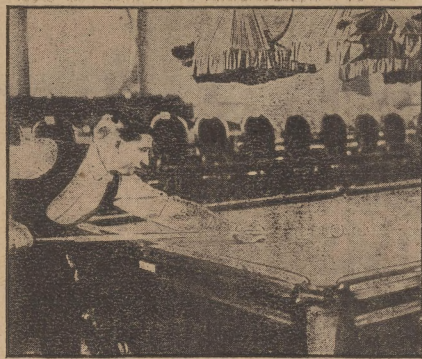
Christmas, who grows busier, every year, is here  
ones.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

## THE MAGNIFICENT COLISEUM.



The Coliseum was opened to the public on Saturday.  
One of the many innovations in this magnificent  
building is the beautiful ladies' tea-room, a photograph  
of which is seen above.

## THE £1,000 BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.



M. Inman and T. Reece, two hitherto unbeaten cham-  
pions in this tournament, met last week. Our photo-  
graph shows Inman, the winner of the game,  
making one of his best strokes.

## TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Marjorie Smith, younger  
daughter of the late Captain  
and Mrs. Smith, of New South  
Wales, who is to be married  
to-day—

—to Mr. Gilbert de la Poer  
Nugent, R.N., elder son of Sir  
John and Lady Nugent, of  
Cloncoskoran, Co. Waterford.  
(Thomson.)

## JAP BEATS JAP.



Taro Miyake, the Japanese wrestler, who defeated his hitherto un-  
beaten countryman, Yukio Tani, at the Tivoli.

## TS IN WEST HAM.



Christmas by the distribution of over 20,000 free meals, given  
cheque for £1,000 in response to the "Daily Mail's" appeal on  
sitting for the distribution of tickets at West Ham Town Hall.

## A RUSSIAN AGENT.



The man Walsh, who is stated to be  
employed by Russia to collect "evid-  
ence" for the Baltic Fleet Inquiry.  
(Copyright, Daily Mirror.)

## MANCHESTER'S PANTOMIME.



Miss Dolly Elsworth, who is  
playing principal boy in the  
"Forty Thieves," at the  
Queen's Theatre, Manchester.

## GIRL REVIVALIST.



Miss Annie M. Rees, the Welsh  
girl revivalist, who has roused  
all Cardiff by her singing and  
preaching.—(Willis, Cardiff.)



## CHRISTMAS IN SUN OR SNOW.

Where the Englishman Has Flown  
to Spend His Holidays Away  
from Fog and Mud.

How the world is changing! Christmas no longer the Christmas of Dickens and the Christmas card. There are very few of the old family Christmas parties nowadays. In the old days when Christmas meant snow and frost, snowballing and skating, home was the place to spend the festive season. Now that Christmas only brings fog and damp and mud, now that Christmas Day is a day of late autumn and rain or early spring and freezing wind, the Englishman spends his Christmas among fresh scenes.

Nowadays anyone who has money enough seeks a land where there is either one thing or the other, either frost and snow or sunshine and warmth. Switzerland or the Riviera—that is where everyone who can afford it goes for Christmas now.

High up the mountains, on the slopes of the Rochers du Naye, numbers of English people have been spending Christmas at Caux. The huge hotel is packed with those who look for the old-time sport of sledging and tobogganing over the crisp snow, rushing down the slopes on bobsledges at the pace of express trains or the fastest motor-car, skiffily dodging round the corners of the runs on small single sledges, sweeping round raised banks at an angle which would be impossible but for the pace—and practice.

### ON THE SWISS SNOWS.

At Davos, too, five thousand feet above the sea, the same sport is going on, but there is skating as well. Round the great rink, where the international skating competitions are held, are merry, chattering crowds, for everyone is out of doors. There is no biting east wind in Davos. In that still air the cold is unnoticed save for the exhilaration it brings. There with frost and snow, the sport-loving Englishman spends Christmas in the way which is his by tradition—it not by fact.

But there are more places where the Englishman seeks sun than he does snow. From the slopes of the Pyrenees to the sandy plains of Egypt the Christmas army of occupation spreads out each year.

At Pau, the permanent colony of English people who have settled on the slope of the Pyrenees is trebled at Christmas by a crowd bearing golf clubs and hunting crops, the English club is packed every evening, and the bridge tables are full. Every night there is a ball, a concert, or a fete. At Biarritz, where the great Atlantic rollers dash into the mouth of the little bay, the English Christmas is kept by holiday making English people, but in sunshine, not in cold and fog.

From there it is only a short way to the ever-sunny Riviera, whither yet larger crowds of English make their way to glean a second summer in the year, lounging in flannels under the trees, playing tennis and golf in the sun, yachting on the sparkling blue bays.

At Cannes the gardens are running riot with a wealth of flowers, great palm-trees shade the sunlit garden paths. Parasols are even necessary.

Out at the golf club at Las Napoule crowds are playing for Christmas medals, and other crowds are having tea at the little Geisha tea-house. Christmas certainly, but Christmas in the sun. There is no fog at Cannes; no dismal, muddy London streets. Just bright, sparkling summer. At Nice, too, that home of Carnival, it is the same. Fun is fast and furious, for everyone is bent on enjoying himself or herself, and imagining that this Christmas summer must last for ever.

### UNDER THE EGYPTIAN SUN.

Farther afield, at Cairo, the verandah of Shepherd's Hotel is filled with English people, bargaining and laughing with the street-sellers and watching the ever-changing picture of Eastern life. This is plenty of sunshine for those who go to seek it at Christmas.

Even at home in England there is a stampede to where the sun shines longest. Christmas at a Brighton hotel is quite the thing to-day; Hastings and Eastbourne, too. The time-honoured fare of turkeys, beef, and holly-crowned pudding is eaten at table after the evening spent at dances and concerts. Hotel corridors are filled with children, the smoking-rooms and drawing-rooms are filled with Londoners whose flats are locked up over Christmas. Almost one-fifth of London has fled to spend Christmas away from home. They are scattered from the Mediterranean to the Alps, and from the seaside hotel to old houses in the country. Paris is full of them—so is Brussels. Anywhere but London.

## THE JAPANESE SOLDIER'S XMAS DAY.

The great mass of Marshall Oyama's conquering army did not celebrate Christmas at all. The Jap is a Shintoist or a Buddhist, and he has holidays of his own. His Christmas Day is the birthday of the Mikado.

But with Oyama were thousands of Jap Christians who celebrated Christmas Day as heartily as they fight. The Christian community in Japan made arrangements and provided that every Japanese convert should have a present.

The Japanese Christian, then, breakfasted and dined on rice, radishes, preserved vegetables, and salt fish. He attended a Christian service, for there are twelve Protestant and Catholic chaplains with Oyama's army. Then he had most of the day to spend as he pleased.

The Jap's recreations are serious. He likes to squat on a log around the camp fire and discuss deep problems with his fellow-soldiers. He is fond of counting competitions, in which the adept at mental arithmetic gain the prizes.

The professional story-teller was in great demand. He recounted over and over again the glories of old Japan, and the brave deeds of the Samurai, ending always with some such formula as "Go thou and do likewise." And all his listeners repeated solemnly, "We will."

### THE CUNNING GONDOLIER.

A fair foreigner in Venice was bargaining with a gondolier. He asked for 2s. She replied that she did not find that charge put down in her guide-book. "Perhaps not," said the gondolier, with a gallant bow, "but your book does not say who you are a very beautiful woman." He either got his 2s.—"Megendorfer Blätter" (German).

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

### WHAT IS A LADY?

I quite agree with your correspondent that a workman can be a gentleman. What I should like some of your readers to tell me is, "What is a lady?" W. J. M.  
28, Gledstone-road, N.E.

### WHERE ARE THE FACTORY INSPECTORS?

Well might your correspondent ask this question. The life of the workgirls in large dress-making establishments in the West End is intolerable. Their Christmas holidays are being spoilt by overwork. A. LAMBERT.

### MISS CORELLI AND DICKENS.

Your discovery of Marie Corelli's indebtedness to Dickens's "Christmas Carol" for her idea is not surprising, for I always considered the "Sorrows of Satan" owed something to Goethe's "Faust!" Merely another instance of great wits, etc., added to a commendably modest desire to show how the thing ought to be done! T. F. BROWN.  
Sydney Cottage, Bulwerhythe-rd, St. Leonards.

### POLITICAL PANTOMIMES.

I went to the first night of a suburban pantomime on Saturday and came away with the feeling that, in spite of the feebleness of the modern pantomime performance, it has a great national influence. The political gibes which are made must have great bearing. Surely something should be done to give pantomimes an authoritative political position, or political references should be prohibited. Why should the average low comedian be allowed to preach his particular brand of politics at every performance for weeks? BERNARD S. WATKIN.  
Notting Hill.

## WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.

### Dull and Dirty.

The new novels of the season are often dull, often dirty, frequently they are both.—Mr. Andrew Lang in "Longman's Magazine."

### What Makes Songs Popular?

There is really no accounting for the popularity attained by some ditties, whilst, on the other hand, numbers, excellent in every way, repeatedly miss fire.—C. W. Murphy (Composer of "Little Yellow Bird") and other favourite songs, in "The Actor."

### The Overcoat Habit.

To acquire a habit—in winter—of always wearing a greatcoat is nearly as unreasonable as never wearing one at all. There is an axiom in bridge that tells us always to play to the score; to paraphrase this axiom with regard to clothing, I would say, "Always dress to the day."—Mr. Leo Trevor in "C. B. Fry's Magazine."

### Origin of "Christmas Boxes."

The Christmas box was originally an entirely religious idea. The box was a Priests' Box, and was used to collect money for the saying of a special Mass. The servants of a great house were permitted to collect money for the festival—but it was not for themselves, it was for the Church.—Mr. G. R. Sims in the "Referee."

would say. Each knew the tragic secret—hidden from him—the secret which made it incredibly preposterously terrible that he should be the arbiter of this man's life.

Lady Gascoyne suddenly looked about as though awaking from a dream.

"I am going to speak to my husband," she exclaimed abruptly as she rose from her seat.

"You cannot," cried Mordaunt sharply. "He is lurching alone in his private room. I know that he refused to have anybody with him."

"Alone—then I will go."

Mordaunt resolved that she should not carry out her intention, if he was compelled to use force to prevent it, but he temporised for an instant.

"I will find his marshal—Mr. Cronen," he said. "He will tell you that you cannot get at Sir Alanson. Promise you will not leave this place until I fetch him."

She nodded. Mordaunt ran over to the hotel and dragged the surprised young Irish barrister from the luncheon-table.

"Lady Gascoyne," he said, as he hurried him over to the court, "is determined to see the Judge."

"Why not?" asked the marshal. "Something about the dinner-party to-night, or tea at the Palace, I dare say. He won't like it—but his own wife—how can I use any authority there? They must settle it between themselves afterwards."

"You forget," answered Mordaunt, "Deverill is a family friend. She has been foolish enough to be in court all the morning—she's wrought up."

"You don't mean," interrupted Cronen, "that she's going to speak to him about—"

"I'm sure of it."

In another instant he had presented Mr. Cronen to her ladyship.

"I'm very sorry," said the young gentleman, frightened at his own temerity in withstanding any request from his Judge's wife, and especially from the well-known Lady Gascoyne. "Mr. Mordaunt tells me what you are asking, Lady Gascoyne, but I'm sure it would be a great mistake if you were even to try and send him a note."

(Continued on page 9.)

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## THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,  
Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

### CHAPTER LI.

"I Shall Break My Promise."

Such are the safeguards which the benign laws of a liberty-loving people have thrown about one who is on trial for his life; such is the care with which the minutest point must be proven; such the attentive scrutiny to which every detail is subjected, that every great trial has its long and wearisome hours for the non-legal observer.

The day dragged on in the crowded court, as witness after witness was examined on behalf of the prosecution. What each man would say was already known from the opening speech, and the evidence had been so accurately foreshadowed that not one exciting moment, not one surprise, occurred in the long sitting.

People wondered what the three counsel for the defence were doing. A cross-examination was short, and appeared to be almost perfunctory. The truth is that the evidence was so decisive, so clearly rendered, that any attempt to shake it would have been futile. The pair of mud-covered boots, with the peculiar arrangement of the nails in the soles; the gun, with its one barrel slightly foul, the end of its stock still discoloured by the dried mud; were mute witnesses which could not be denied. Everybody admitted that the crime had been brought to the home of Richard Deverill.

"The guilty man," whispered a solicitor in the court, "has been traced to the lower floor of Deverill's house. They have only to carry the trail up one flight of stairs to connect it in some way with his bedroom door, and he's done for."

"Do you see," whispered his friend, "what the cross-examination means? Every word he utters, every suggestion he makes, is brought forward with the intention of rubbing it into the jury that the missing servant, Clark, is the man. It lies between those two."

Lady Gascoyne was probably the one observer in court whose attention was never for an instant distracted, to whom no detail was too insignificant, none of the endless repetition tiresome. Through the long hours she sat with a face of marble, and a heart of stone, no longer giving external evidence of excitement, making no display of emotion, even in that most gruesome moment in which inanimate objects were produced to add their silent weight of accusation.

Both Gertrude and Mordaunt implored her when the Court adjourned for luncheon, to leave for her place; but she would not even move from her place during the interval. Gertrude was perforce compelled to remain at her side, and Mordaunt brought them some light refreshments.

Lady Gascoyne did not touch them; instead, she plied him with futile questions. Of course, she begged him for his opinion of what the result would be. He of course said what she wanted to hear. He spoke in the most encouraging way he could.

"Is it true," she cried, "that it all depends upon the Judge's summing up? What does that mean?"

"Where did you get that idea?" said Mordaunt as he exchanged a look with Gertrude—a look of horror from each pair of eyes. The two admitted more to one another in that sudden involuntary exchange of glances than they had ever done before.

There was a fatal instant of hesitation ere Mordaunt answered. The sombre woman, keyed up to read the lightest hint, read his reply in his delay.

"The law was a long silence among those three. Each understood that the life of Richard Deverill practically hung upon what Mr. Justice Gascoyne

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# PRETTY MILLINERY FOR BOXING DAY AND THE FESTIVE SEASON.

## TURBANS AND TOQUES.

### FUR SEEN ON MANY MODELS.

Now is the moment in which to try whether a round turban suits you, because what is going to be the most modish is the pillbox shape, which is absolutely round and perches on the top of the head like the fish-fin model of too many years ago to mention.

### Pillbox Model.

The way to the pillbox model lies by that of the rather elongated toque, which suits many faces quite admirably. Some of these are made of feathers combined with velvet. Soft, smooth felt and beaver with a long nap are both popular, and the breast feathers of the birds that are used are lovelier in colouring than ever before. They are expensive, but when well made they combine simplicity of line with elegance in a degree that few other hats attain.

### Bronze Green Feathers.

Less costly than the completely feather hats are turbans with soft crowns of draped velvet, trims of feathers, and knots of velvet for the only trimming. Feathers, shading exquisitely through the new dahlias reds into bronze greens, are used with lustrous, soft velvet in the red hues. Brown breasts, running from gold or orange to deepest brown, blue and green shadings and peacock tones—all these are made up with velvets of a harmonising colour into charming turbans that fit in perfectly with the rich shades of the winter costumes.

### A Handsome Shade of Red.

Narrow roll brim turbans of soft beaver, encircled by folds or bands of silk or velvet, and trimmed with clusters of velvet and silk flowers on each side well toward the back, are satisfactory hats for useful wear, and are usually carried out in one colour or shades of one colour. A pretty model is carried out in Indian red beaver, a shade warmer and darker than terra-cotta, with a double band in two shades of the colour round the crown, and clusters of velvet chrysanthemums in the red-brown shades.

The coachman's beaver hat trimmed with plumes is a French fancy which has not so far met with much success here, though some of the models of this type are piquant when worn by the right woman. Soft white or light-coloured felt hats, trimmed with only a wide bow or fur and a hand-

some jewelled buckle, are remarkably chic to wear with a collar and muff of corresponding fur, and turbans with entire crowns of velvet and silk blossoms and brims of fur are also very successful when the fur is repeated elsewhere in the costume. In the sketch is shown a delightful piece of felt

This very becoming hat is made of champagne-coloured felt, with a brim of cream lace, bands of mink round the crown, and cream plumes at the sides.



millinery with cream lace overlaying the brim and a crown swathed with bands of mink, while at the side are splendid cream ostrich feathers.

## DISCOVERIES.

### FOR THE NECK AND ARMS.

In order that the arms and neck should look nice when going to a dance try this plan. First sponge

of equal parts of rosewater and glycerine; then, while the skin is still damp, cover it with a thick coating of powder. Leave this for an hour if possible; then rub the skin gently with the hand till the powder disappears, and the skin will look beautifully white.

### TO MAKE THE LIPS RED.

Colour may be brought into the lips by wetting the finger with scent and rubbing it on the lips. After the perfume has dried touch them with cold cream. This should only be done for very special occasions, like fancy dress balls, for it is a process that will in time make the lips hard and dry.

### INFLAMMATION OF THE EYELIDS.

If the eyes are red and inflamed, try bathing them two or three times a day with boracic lotion, but remember to dry the eyes carefully afterwards, or the bathing will do more harm than good. The lotion is made of one ounce of boracic acid with one pint of boiling water poured on it. Stir this till the powder is dissolved, and when it is cool bottle it for use. A little should be poured into a saucer, enough boiling water added to make it lukewarm, and it should then be used for bathing the eyes at once.

## PRETTY BUTTONS.

### DAINTY ACCESSORIES OF DRESS.

The buttons of this winter are very elegant, yet the girl who does not want to pay quite so much for hers as Dame Fashion requires can easily keep in the march of the modes by making her own. She can cover button moulds and build a set every whit as lovely as any she can buy, that is to say, if she be deft of finger.

One lovely button set consists of moulds covered with turquoise blue velvet. In the very centre of each button there is sewn a little pearl. Another and more elaborate pattern is covered with blue silk, and on the top of the button is placed a very tiny blue silk rose, as round as a ball. Buttons with much handiwork on them are naturally used for ornament, not utility.

There are button sets made of moulds covered with silk in all sizes, to be used in various ways in the trimming of a costume. There are tiny little buttons, and buttons of medium size, also great flat ones that are used for the smartest Directoire coats.

## SWEETS AND CAKE.

### ORANGE SNOW.

INGREDIENTS.—Loz. isinglass, one pint boiling milk, the juice of six oranges and one lemon, the whites of three eggs; sugar to taste.

Dissolve the isinglass and sugar in the pint of boiling water. Strain and let it stand until nearly cold. Add the juice of the oranges and lemon, whisk the whites of the eggs, and add them, beating thoroughly until the mixture is like a sponge. Turn it into a jelly mould, and set it in a cold place until it is firm. Turn it out and decorate it with candied orange chips.

### STRAWBERRY CREAM BUCKETS.

INGREDIENTS.—Two eggs, their weight in sugar, flour, and half a butter.

Beat the butter and sugar to a cream. Add the eggs previously well-whisked. Dredge in the flour and beat all together for five minutes. Bake in well-buttered dariole tins. When cool scoop out carefully a little from the centre of each. Fill them with whipped cream, and lay round the edge candied cherries or strawberries. Cut a strip of angelica very fine and twist it into a handle for each bucket.

These little cakes may be filled with a variety of different-coloured creams, jellies, or fruits.

### RICHMOND GINGERBREAD.

INGREDIENTS.—One cup golden syrup, one cup sugar, one cup butter, one cup sweet milk, four cups flour, four eggs, one tablespoonful ground ginger (the whole ginger, grated, is much superior to that bought ready ground), one small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in the milk.

Beat the butter, sugar, syrup, and spice together to a cream; separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs, and whisk each until it is very light. Add the yolks of the eggs and the milk, dredge in the flour, and then very quickly stir in the whites. Turn the mixture into a shallow, well-buttered tin, and bake in a fairly hot oven. The cake should be about three inches thick and very light.

## A LEATHER TABLE-COVER.

An effective table-cover is made of soft, thin leather, embroidered with silk, and showing a pattern of butterflies and scrolls, with spangles of various tints to embellish the design. The edge of the leather is left in its natural contour, except where a slight cutting is necessary to finish a butterfly's wing or a piece of scroll work. Leather table-covers are amongst the novelties of this Christmas, and look particularly well in rooms where there are leather-covered chairs.

## THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

(Continued from page 8.)

"Please forgive me," pleaded Cronen, "if I should be taking too much on myself, but his lordship has given orders that, under no circumstances, shall he be disturbed."

"But surely," said Lady Gascoyne, "this is very unusual."

"I've never known it to happen before," answered Cronen. "Of course, the circumstances explain it. His lordship feels the situation terribly. Fancy—to have to sit in judgment on your own friend!"

He shivered as he uttered the words, and indeed he was not the only one who sympathised profoundly with the bitter task which a high sense of duty had led Mr. Justice Gascoyne to undertake.

Her ladyship glanced about her again, while Gertrude watched her with frightened eyes. Her lord seemed to say that she was going to force all barriers. What was she going to say to him if she reached him? That was the unspoken question in the minds both of Hugh Mordaunt and of her sister-in-law.

"I dare say," said Cronen, "that the Court will rise fairly early."

"Do you mean," gasped her ladyship, "that it will be over so soon?"

"Oh, no—they can't possibly finish to-night. That's admitted now."

"Oh, very well, thank you, Mr. Cronen," said Lady Gascoyne, as she sank into her seat. "I didn't know that. It wasn't of great importance after all now. I can see him before dinner."

Mr. Cronen sighed with relief and hurried back to his interrupted luncheon.

"Another night of suspense!" murmured Lady Gascoyne. "How can I bear it, how can I bear it?"

She did not appear for a long time after that to be giving direct attention to what was passing around her. She did not look up when her husband once again took his place on the bench, nor when the prisoner resumed his position in the dock. Her eyes did not wander towards the jury as they had before wandered often—as though to note the effect of this or of that comment, of this or of that piece of evidence. She sat listening through the weary afternoon, composed, quiet, as one who had reached a final resolution.

When at last all was over for the day, when the last of the prosecuting witnesses had been examined, she rose amid the general bustle and walked out of the court in quiet, self-possession.

Mordaunt accompanied the two ladies to their hostess's house. No sooner had they got there

than Lady Gascoyne announced herself ill, and retired to her room.

"She's different, Hughie," cried Gertrude. "Do you see the change?"

He nodded mournfully as the brave girl stood in front of him, one hand on each of his shoulders, her sad eyes seeking for help and consolation in his face.

"He may come, any minute," she continued.

"No," he answered, "he is not coming here."

"Not at all—not to-night?"

He shook his head.

"It's like him," cried Gertrude. "Of course, I might have known. How could he see all these people, how sit down at dinner? I know what he's done—gone to Compton Knoyle, of course. Thank God, she can't see him to-night."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Lady Gascoyne.

"He is not coming," she cried almost hysterically. "The maid has just told me. He wishes to be alone at Compton Knoyle. He will need me for all that. I am going to him."

The two felt the position hopeless. Lady Gascoyne might be kept out of the Judge's private room during the luncheon interval, but she certainly could not be kept away from her own house and out of her own husband's presence.

Persuasion useless, it occurred to Mordaunt that he might possibly bribe her. He felt that anything was justifiable in that moment. He believed that Lady Gascoyne had made up her mind, in the middle of the trial, to make a hysterical confession to her husband of her relations with the man upon whom her husband was sitting in judgment. It must be prevented. The tragedy of it was too awful.

He motioned with his head to Gertrude, who promptly accepted his hint and left the room.

"I am seeing Mr. Deverill," he said slowly, "now, in a few minutes. If you will promise to stop here quietly, if you will give me your word of honour that you will not try and see Sir Alanson until the trial is over, I will take a message to Mr. Deverill for you."

These words were uttered slowly, were emphasised with a profound significance. Lady Gascoyne started back as she heard them, her pale face flushed, and her eyes rested for an instant on Mordaunt's. Then they dropped, and she put up her hands as though in appeal. It was the first hint she had had that Mordaunt guessed her secret. She had not thought of the matter one way or another until this moment; and now her own position absorbed her for a brief time.

"Does Gertrude know?" she faltered.

"She and I," he answered, with a coldness of manner which he could not conceal, "have not spoken a word on the subject."

"Why do I ask you?" she cried, holding her

rigid arms close to her side, and clenching her hands. "I know she does. Of course, I saw it some time ago. What is she going to do—what is she going to do?"

"In other words," he interrupted bluntly, "will she tell your husband what she knows? I cannot say. I do not think she will—that is, of course, if she knows that everything is at an end between you and Mr. Deverill."

"It will be, it will be. But I am thinking of myself, while he—oh, I blame myself. I can think of myself—afterwards. You will take a message, you say—a written message?"

"Yes; it must be short, or it cannot be given to him."

"And I can have an answer—a written answer?"

He shook his head.

Lady Gascoyne thought for an instant, then she ran over to a table and dashed off a line. She folded the paper and handed it to Mordaunt.

"Your promise," he reminded her as he took it. "You promise, that whatever happens, you will not see Sir Alanson until everything is over; or, if you do see him, that you will say nothing about the trial, about yourself."

"I understand—yes, I promise."

"Very well, I will take this note. Can I trust your self-control? You are imposing a burden on Gertrude too heavy for her shoulders."

"What is her burden—she" she exclaimed sharply. Then she pulled herself up short. "I will do everything you wish," she murmured.

They heard footsteps approaching, and Mordaunt whispered a caution to control herself, and hurried away from the room.

Within ten minutes he was in the presence of Deverill. The discreet warder, in accordance with the practice when legal advisers visit a prisoner, stood out of hearing.

He found Deverill, though obviously pale and anxious, perfectly cool and collected. His first words were a courteous expression of thanks to his counsel for their work that day.

"It will come out right," said Mordaunt, with more confidence than he felt. "If it does, Deverill, will you give me your word of honour to leave the country without a minute's delay—without saying good-bye to anybody?" The accent on the last word carried its full meaning to the listener.

"If she so wishes."

"She does. Here is a line from her; read it while I pretend to take notes."

The scrap of paper lay upside down in front of Mordaunt. It contained only nine words. Deverill read them at a glance. "If the worst comes, I shall break my promise."

Deverill looked as if he had received his death sentence.

(To be continued.)



## 21,000 DINNERS.

West Ham's Hungry Thousands  
Fed for One Day.

## STRIKING SCENES.

The Christmas of 1904 in London has been marked by great poverty and a magnificent display of charity. Never before has there been seen so hearty a response on the part of the well-to-do classes to the public appeals for help to the hungry and the unemployed.

Almost the entire London Press, in proportion to their influence with the public, have raised subscriptions among their readers. There have also been public funds of all sorts, headed, of course, by that of the Mansion House, to which the King and members of the Royal Family promptly contributed.

Of the numerous individual donations, the most dramatic was the £1,000 cheque, which was sent to the "Daily Mail," on Friday, by Mr. James Buchanan, of Lavington Park, Petworth, whose blend of whisky enjoys national fame. Messrs. J. Lyons sent £50.

Doling Out "Daily Mail" Tickets.

The donors directed that their gifts should be devoted to the alleviation of the acute distress among the families of the poor in West Ham.

Upon learning of their great good fortune, the joy of the grateful people was boundless. There were never such scenes in West Ham as occurred during the distribution of 21,000 "Daily Mail" yellow tickets, entitling the holders to a shilling's worth of meat.

Begun on Friday night, the task of distribution was carried on through Saturday. Tickets were handed out at the Public Hall, Canning Town, Stratford Town, and other places; while many voluntary workers carried them from house to house. It would have warmed the generous donors' hearts to see the utter thankfulness with which the gift was received.

At Canning Town, for instance, perhaps the most destitute spot of the whole district, the news that there was a chance of a Christmas dinner spread quickly. Soon a crowd of men, who for months had tramped many a weary mile for the work that never came, thronged the roadway in front of the public hall.

Cheers from Hungry Thousands.

A ringing cheer was raised when they were admitted and told that even now, at the eleventh hour, they would be able to still the pitiful cries of their hungry little ones.

"For eight months," said one, a haggard-faced labourer, "I have not tasted meat. My little ones are starving. Thank God I shall be able to give them all at least one meal on Christmas Day." "I have only done six weeks' work in the last year," said another. "My wife has just managed to keep life in us by taking in washing. I have seven children, no food in the house, and nothing left to pawn."

Similar scenes were witnessed at Stratford, and, indeed, in all parts of the district; but words are weak to describe the electric joy that suddenly gladdened the poverty-stricken quarter.

A Typical Picture.

Here is a typical picture of what hundreds of families have been enduring with wonderful patience.

One of the willing distributors raps at the door of a house whose blinds are down. Behind those blinds is concealed a terrible scene of destitution. A pinched, weary woman opens. Haunting fear is carved on every feature. But it is not the dreaded red collector that faces her. It is one who brings glad tidings.

He produces the tickets. Joy and incredulity struggle together in the poor face. "It can't be true," she gasps. But it is true, and she weeps tears of joy. This is her pitiful tale.

"We have 3d. in the house, and not one piece of food. We are eleven in the family, and my children are crying for bread. There is nothing left to pawn, and we cannot get work. I thought we should starve." She is given eight tickets, and weeps for very joy.

## BOXING DAY BANQUETS.

Workhouse Dinners for 76,980 of London's Poorest of the Poor.

Owing to Christmas falling on Sunday this year, the 76,980 indoor and outdoor paupers will have "Boxing Day" dinners at the workhouses, to-day. It is calculated that £10,000 will be spent in this way by the thirty-one metropolitan boards of Guardians.

For the Lanchester paupers there are luxuries in the form of poultry, grapes, German sausages, 2,000lb. of cake, 100lb. of tobacco, 71 gross of clay pipes.

St. Giles's guests receive whisky, wine, and beer, in careful measure. At Stepney there are libations of ale, in the form of claret, where a liberal supply of lemonade takes the place of intoxicants.

Curiously enough Whitechapel enjoys the honour of being at the bottom of the list of poor dependants with 1,263, and Poplar tops the list with 12,988, compared with 7,797 last year.

## IN PANTOMIME LAND.

Many London Theatres Make a  
Start on Christmas Eve.

## COLISEUM MARVELS.

Though the general rule is to inaugurate the pantomime season on Boxing Day, a start was made at many metropolitan theatres on Christmas Eve.

The chief event of Saturday was the long-deferred opening of the Coliseum, and the crowds which filed into the great building at noon gave a gasp of admiration for the gorgeous interior. The size of the building is a shock, and the lavishness of the decorations is another. Money seems to be no object whatever either in the building or in the performances.

There was no such thing as a plain, unembellished song. Eugene Stratton sang a ditty, and a very good one, too, called, "My Little Black Pearl." He was assisted in his efforts by a corps de ballet of sixteen magnificently-dressed girls, and a seventeen, who danced with him, and impersonated the Black Pearl.

That was the scale on which everything was done. Miss Millie Hylton sang a song called the "Blue Parade," and the belles were eight beautiful ladies whose dresses would have earned a special mention of the dressmaker on any other programme, and there were eight brilliantly dressed Frenchmen, whose waistcoats and manners were marvellous.

Miss Madge Lessing, too, had a company of Highlanders and a bagpipe band as a mere trifling introduction to one of her songs. "As for the great spectacle, 'The Derby,' the scale was proportionately lavish. There must have been a couple of hundred people on the stage, not to mention half a dozen mounted police and a couple of dozen others to clear the course at one spot.

The preparations for the "Port Arthur" spectacle were not quite finished, as "The Derby" had to replace it at all the performances on Saturday. If it is more realistic than "The Derby" it is "big things."

## CORONET'S "GEM."

"Red Riding Hood" Provides Notting Hill  
with Excellent Fare.

One of the prettiest pantomimes that opened on Saturday, Mr. Robert Arthur's "Red Riding Hood" at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill. Perhaps it would have been better if there had been a few more rehearsals, but that will have been remedied by to-day.

Mr. Johnny Schofield, who took the part of the squire, as a dandified idiot, caught the fancy of the house immensely, and one song, in which he appeared to be suffering from an acute attack of nerves, was excellent.

As for the music, it is far above the average run of pantomime, and the words are wonderfully topical for so early in the season. One song, sung by Peter Piper (Mr. Harry Phylora) had an unmistakable "alien" verse. As commemorating a whole string of trades in which the alien was to be found, it ended by declaring that even when you bought a turnip it was probably a Swede.

## "CRUSOE" AT THE CAMDEN.

Abounds in Good Fun and Clever Topical  
Allusions.

At the Camden Theatre the theme is "Robinson Crusoe," and from first to last the fun never waned on Saturday night, while an appreciative audience gave the heartiest encouragement to the players.

Miss Nellie Cozens makes a pretty Crusoe, possessed of a sweet voice, which enables her to give an excellent rendering of a song, "Blue Bell," that will be warbled by the youth of the district very soon. Her colleague, a brunette beauty, Miss Gipsy Woolf, won golden opinions as Polly.

Much of the fun of the evening is provided by Mr. Ernest Shoel, as Will Atkins, V.C. Nash and Noel, as captain and mate of the Camden Belle, are comical salts; and the part of the Cannibal King, who quotes Shakespeare with great familiarity, does credit to Mr. G. H. Szazelle.

## "CROWN" TRIUMPH.

"Cinderella" Charms the People of Peckham  
by its Comicalities.

Once more the Crown Theatre, Peckham, provides its patrons with a capital pantomime. "Cinderella," which made its bow on Saturday evening, was freely spoken of by the delighted "first-nighters," as surpassing all its forerunners. It certainly promises to rank foremost among the south-side shows. With Miss Alice Lloyd as the heroine of the silver slipper, the popular nursery tale retains all its fascination for children and adults alike.

No end of fun was created by Messrs. Don Crawley and Charles Sloman, as the ugly sisters,

while the business it is to make themselves preposterous. Their male impersonators leave nothing to be desired in this direction. Two more ludicrous or uglier sisters would be unimaginable.

## LOVE IN A GARDEN.

Pretty Fantastic Play Successful at the Court  
Theatre.

It is safe to say there will be no Christmas entertainment daintier or of a more delicate fancy than "Prunella," at the Sloane-square house.

Its second title, "Love in a Dutch Garden," more or less explains it. In a charming pleasure of clipped verb phrases and trim walks, Prunella, a little orphan girl brought up by three grey-like uncles, is wooed and won by Pierrot, who passes that way with a gay troop of his companion-reveries.

At dead of night Pierrot and his friends invade the garden, coax Prunella out in her nightgown, and bear her off, a willing bride. But alas! Pierrot is a villain. He loves for an hour and then rides away. Poor Prunella is left to find her way home as best she can.

When she comes back to her formal garden, it is autumn. Autumn it is, too, in Pierrot's heart, which he has found at last. The thought of his little love haunts him day and night. He has developed a conscience. If only he could meet with her again, never to part!

Need it be added that they do meet, and with the timely aid of a statue of the God of Love, which comes marvellously to life, swear eternal faith?

## "ALADDIN" CHARMS CHILDREN.

At the Kennington, Mr. Robert Arthur's fine "Aladdin," every seat was filled on Saturday to see "Aladdin" start off with his wonderful lamp. The book "an excellent one—is by Mr. Frank Dix, who does not lose hold of the fascinating story. No praise could be too high for the lantern rises in the Pekin street, upon which the curtain rises.

Seldom has Aladdin been more engagingly personated than by Miss Rachel Lowe, who became a favourite at sight with the Kenningtonians.

## "BABES" AT THE PALACE.

Mr. H. E. Bramhall in "Babes in the Wood" has produced a delightful children's show at the Crystal Palace.

The two youngsters who represent the Babes are excellent. Wee Mona, as Flossie, is an infant prodigy without any of the common faults of prodigies, and Maudie Grey's clear and sweet soprano is a real delight.

Miss Kathleen Grey, Miss Mignon Tremaine, and Will Polanski are thoroughly infected with the spirit of pantomime.

## BOXING-DAY FARE.

There is a bewildering variety of entertainment for young and old this Boxing Day. For the children there are thirty pantomimes, including:—

Drury Lane—"The White Cat".....	2.30 and 7.30
Court—"Prunella".....	2.30 and 7.30
Garrick—"Little Black Sambo," etc.....	2.30 and 7.30
Alexandra Palace—"The Peep".....	2.0 and 7.30
Camden—"Robinson Crusoe".....	2.0 and 7.30
Clapham Junction, Shakespearia.....	2.0 and 7.45
Crystal Palace—"Cinderella".....	2.30 and 7.30
Edgware Road—"Dick Whittington".....	2.0 and 7.30
Edgware Road—"Aladdin".....	2.0 and 7.30
Edgware Road—"West London".....	7.30
Elephant and Castle—"Pass in Boots".....	2.45 and 7.45
Forest Gate—"No Peep and Joy Ride".....	2.0 and 7.30
Fulham Grand—"Fairy Thieves".....	1.30 and 7.30
Hammersmith, Kings—"Red Riding Hood".....	1.30 and 7.30
Holloway, Marlborough—"Aladdin".....	2.0 and 7.30
Hoxton, Britannia—"Gobbi of the Sea".....	2.0 and 7.30
Islington, Grand—"Babes in the Wood".....	1.0 and 7.0
Kennington—"Aladdin".....	2.0 and 7.30
Kingsway, Royal County—"Pass in Boots".....	2.45
Knights Road, Fanny—"Dick Whittington".....	2.0 and 7.45
Notting Hill, Coronet—"Red Riding Hood".....	2.0 and 7.30
Peckham, Crown—"Cinderella".....	2.0 and 7.30
Rickmansworth, Prince of Wales—"Cinderella".....	6.45 and 9.0
St. Pancras, Newmarket—"Cinderella".....	2.0 and 7.30
Stratford, Borough—"Fairy Thieves".....	1.30 and 7.30
St. Vincent, King—"Cinderella".....	2.30
Woolwich, Grand—"Beauty and the Beast".....	2.0 and 7.15

There are also the splendid circuses at Hengler's and the Crystal Palace. The following old and honoured places of amusement are also open to-day:—

Egyptian Hall—Magic and Mystery.....	3.0 and 8.0
Hippodrome—Xmas Attractions.....	2.0 and 8.0
Madame Tussaud's.....	10.0 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Whitechapel, Museum of the City.....	2.0 and 8.0
Our Navy (Regent-street Polytechnic).....	3.0 and 8.0
World's Fair, Agricultural Hall.....	12 noon.

For out-of-door Londoners can choose sport at Kempton Park Races, or at the Western League football games at Fulham and at Brentford.

Among other places that started their Christmas entertainments on Saturday was the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The World's Fair drew great crowds all day.

Owing to some of the minor details not being quite ready, Mr. Thomas Barnardo has postponed the opening of the new Lyceum Music Hall till next Saturday.

## HOLIDAY RACING.

To-day's Programme and Selections  
for Kempton Park's  
Holiday Meeting.

If the Stewards of the National Hunt have ears at the ordinary pattern they should single every day for at least a month. Their action in overriding the decision of the Sandown Park Stewards, and admitting the race-wounded, is hardly as great an instance as any formal law is that a set of equity rather than rule should guide the authorities.

It is high time that a change in the laws of the game should be made, and we have authority for saying that the rules will be amended so as to ensure disqualification for any wrongdoing, no matter what advantage the race-wounded may gain. Of as great importance as any formal law is that a set of equity rather than rule should guide the authorities.

Holiday-makers will find plenty of entertainment to-day at innumerable outdoor sports, provided there be no recurrence of the fog. There is, however, nothing more than the time which makes the countryside picturesque with the silvery trimming of Christmas.

Lovers of steeplechasing will have attractive programmes arranged at Kempton Park and at Wolverhampton. At the latter place the Hurdle Race may be won by Express, the Stayers' Steeplechase by What Next, and the Dunstable Juvenile by Half Holiday.

## SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

## KEMPTON PARK.

1.0—Chiswick Hurdle—OASIS.	
1.30—Hampton Steeplechase—COTTENSHOPE.	
2.0—Christmas Hurdle—INISFAIR.	
2.30—Hounslow Handicap—LITTLE HERCULES.	
3.0—Park Steeplechase—CLARKSON.	
3.30—Richmond Hurdle—HILMID.	

## SPECIAL SELECTION.

HACKENSCHMIDT GREY FRIARS.

## TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

## KEMPTON PARK.

1.0—CHISWICK SELLING HURDLE RACE PLACE of 100 sovs; winner to be sold for 30 sovs. Two miles, over eight hurdles.			
Highway.....	5.11.7	Susanna.....	7.15 at lb
Goddess.....	5.11.7	Enu.....	4.11.2
Philadelph.....	5.11.7	Enu.....	3.10.0
Alenfield.....	5.11.7	Enu.....	3.10.0
Quanta.....	5.11.7	Enu.....	3.10.0
St. Hilarius.....	5.11.7	Enu.....	3.10.0
Quanta.....	5.11.7	Enu.....	3.10.0
Kinton Boy.....	5.11.7	Enu.....	3.10.0
Quanta.....	5.11.7	Enu.....	3.10.0
Quanta.....	5.11.7	Enu.....	3.10.0

1.30—HAMPTON STEEPCHEASE HANDICAP OF 150 sovs. Two miles, over eight hurdles.			
May King.....	7.15 at lb	Grandchild.....	7.15 at lb
Royal Drake.....	6.12.3	Hercules II.....	4.10.12
Communist.....	5.11.12	Clench.....	4.10.9
Red Kex.....	5.11.12	Clench.....	4.10.9
Thracian.....	5.11.3	Dam.....	6.10.0
Kathleen.....	5.11.3	Dam.....	6.10.0

PAPER SELECTIONS.—Jockey—Communist. Race-horse—May King. Racing World—May King or Grandchild.

2.0—CHRISTMAS HURDLE HANDICAP OF 200 sovs. Two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mark Time.....	7.15 at lb	Garland Day.....	7.15 at lb
His Lordship.....	5.12.4	Hopless II.....	4.10.8
Knatchbull.....	5.11.0	Widowmaker.....	4.10.8
Childs.....	5.11.12	Lord Brand.....	5.10.6
Captain Kettle.....	5.11.12	Cormac.....	4.10.3
Belvoir Tor.....	5.11.12	Beau.....	4.10.2
Blithedale.....	5.11.6	Fremantle.....	5.10.2
Abolitioner.....	5.11.6	Blithedale.....	4.10.2
Intaglio.....	5.11.4	Free Breze.....	4.10.1
Intaglio.....	5.11.3	Royal Berry.....	4.10.0
Shannon Drive.....	5.11.3	Childwickbury.....	4.10.0
St. Patrick's Day.....	5.11.3	Precedious.....	4.10.0

PAPER SELECTIONS.—Jockey—Childwickbury or Shannon Drive. Race-horse—Mark Time or Hopless II. Racing World—Mark Time or Shannon Drive.

2.30—HOUNSLOW SELLING HANDICAP STEEPCHEASE OF 150 sovs; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Two miles.

Nonstens.....	6.12.7	Tattle Hercules.....	5.11.10
Orington.....	6.12.7	Widowmaker.....	5.11.7
Royal Rouge.....	6.12.3	Monster.....	4.11.7
Devil.....	6.12.3	Clayton.....	4.11.6
Devil.....	6.12.3	Zulu.....	4.10.9
Devil.....	6.12.3	Clayton.....	4.10.7
Devil.....	6.12.3	Clayton.....	4.10.7

PAPER SELECTIONS.—Jockey—Clayton or Shannon Drive. Race-horse—Royal Rouge. Racing World—Royal Rouge or Orington.

3.0—PARK STEEPCHEASE OF 100 sovs. Two miles.

Lady Gordon.....	5.12.3	Amor.....	4.11.11
Clayton.....	5.12.3	Clayton.....	4.11.6
Clayton.....	5.12.3	Clayton.....	4.11.6
Communist.....	5.12.3	Clayton.....	4.11.6
Folly.....	5.11.11	Clayton.....	4.11.6
Drumcrinn.....	5.11.11	Clayton.....	4.11.6

3.30—RICHMOND MAIDEN (at half) HURDLE RACE OF 150 sovs. One mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Two Dart.....	11.5	Drumcrinn.....	10.7
Envy.....	10.7	The Kid II.....	10.7
Envy.....	10.7	The Kid II.....	10.7
World's Desire.....	10.7	Flora.....	10.7
The Bolt.....	10.7	Flora.....	10.7
Alexander M.....	10.7	Flora.....	10.7
Trived by Night.....	10.7	Flora.....	10.7

## ORDER OF RUNNING AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

Thornesgroft Maiden Steeplechase.....	1.30
Stayers Steeplechase.....	1.50
Shillal Steeplechase.....	2.0
Wolverhampton Hurdle.....	2.10
Boxing Day Hurdle.....	2.30
Dunstable Juvenile Hurdle.....	3.50

A shiny match between teams captained respectively by Messrs. J. M. Watson and W. Grant, president of the London Camaraderie Club, will take place to-day at 1 p.m. on Wimbledon Common.

The fortieth annual 100 yards Christmas morning race will be run at 10.30, twenty-four competitors entering the water. The race resulted in a win for J. Deary by a little under a yard. H. Wilson was second and S. S. Greenburg third.

## THE CITY.

In consequence of the Christmas holidays, the Stock Exchange was closed on Saturday. No billion operations were reported at the Continental exchanges and the price of gold was unaltered.



The billiard match between Inman and Reece in the £1,000 tournament was concluded on Saturday in the Soho-square saloon. The scores at the close were: Inman (received 2,750), 9,000; Reece (received 2,750), 8,229. Stevenson, conceding Harverson a start of 2,250 in 9,000 up at Leicester-square, was successful by 741 points.



